

PARK

I was on Sheep Meadow, then the Great Lawn, then the
Pine Cove.

I was on the pine floor
and it nettled me.

Desire nettled me
with wing-thin fingerlings
a feeling of the pretty
the sound of approach.

*

The desire to scabble together
in time for the next showing.

Trouble with visualization.
How to love without possessing.

*

It's nice today
but there is sweat pant love, and I don't like that
and there's a German Shepherd
and I don't like that either.
There's a shimmer on the water
and it moves across.
I like it when ducks stick their tails in the air.

*

Choosing where to sit in the park
Don't sit too close to single men.

They might take it as suggestion
power of.

*

Everything emotes.
These legs
kick you
the glancing breeze
this lighting.

*

How to find a direct emotion?

Tap it at the root.

Sordid root.

WHAT IS SEX?

Is it maintenance?

Is it deliberate?

Is it appropriate?

What is this sexual creature in socks?

Is it molting?

Does it change?

Where is the white cat that sought sunlight?

The frigid air.

The vanquished cat.

The giddy hawk.

The unkempt cat.

The upset hawk.

The unwed cat.

The hawkish dog.

The rusty cat.

What is sex?

Is it unbelievable?

Is it second hand?

Would you prefer it with wool?

A terrible interest.

Were I with you, were I with you

If it doesn't pour out of you
a wider net.

SIMPLETON

The gatherers of simples
hole up in the bush.

You stupid goose,
everything is again consumed!

Over and over
I fell upon my neck.

I was loathsome and unwashed
but happily I found The Joy

of the Heart and it radiated out
a simple medicine served up.

We lived in a sweat, combustible.
We lived in Simpleton for a while

where simple apples grow
and single arrows shoot

eternally. I'm dirty
but who gives?

Our house is not hard.
Simple enough.

I come to a big piece of water.
How do I cross?

COLD DANCE

It is cold as green horses
And it is cold as custard
Is cold.

The cold hand creeps.

It is cold as waking and it is cold as blisters.
The street is cold.

Our appetites are cold.
Often it is cold.
Harden in the cold
Looking at the cold Buddha.

The cold dogs climb up
Climb up
Climb up
From cold.

The cold makes
Your face animate.

The cats are fed but cold.
There is heat in your belly.

The city starts to creep
Starts to creep
With cold.
It is warm in places of commerce
Then cold.
It is warm as finance

And it is warm as language
And we sit here talking about cold.

See me straddling the cold.
See me smiling like a fox.

FORCED DANCE

I can't force this horse.
Dance damn horse.
You can't curse out a horse.
Dance dry horse.
I can't dance like a swan.
This swan is half-gone.
Feed this swan.
I can't muster a must.
Dance damn dust.
This dust isn't lush.
We'll make it lush.
Not with a brush.
Not with a brush!
 Hand me a spoon and a molting pot.
 Hand me a beat and spigot of rot.
 Hand me a bell and a halting buck.
 Hand me a saddle. Hand me a rock.
 Hand me a train, cradled in thought.
 Hand me a hunter who'll
Hunt me till dusk.
Can you dance with a hunter?
You can dance well enough.
You can wind.
You can swell.
And you roll like a clop.

AUSTERE MEASURES

I.

I will taste my mouth.

What's austere?

A seer.

An oyster full of hairs.

Master of the Leaping Figures,
may I leap with you?

You may not leap.

Master, I long to tear the silk.

You may not tear it.

I run the better to taste my salt.
I run out of rope.

*You may not leap
into your office.*

I have no office
of which to speak
not a window
not a sink.

Master, I long to taste the milk.
Master, may I feel your throat?

*If it comes to this.
If we cut the bush.*

Master, may I pick a rose?

You may not smell it.

II.

Are you satisfied, Brother Dog?

Yes, with flesh.

Are you satisfied, Brother?

Yes, but I want to know.

Are you satisfied, cloth?

Yes, but I shiver.

Are you satisfied, spinner?

I am satisfied, but I have not touched the bread.

III.

Austere seagulls ball up on Brighton Beach.
It is winter.

The frost we steer to
and the frost we steel ourselves to
and the frost we see to

and the frost we move to.

I come to a breach
the tide all tangled up
in grasses, weeds,
a churning place.

Master, it grows cold and ugly.

Take this salt.

It will leave you hungry: